

THE

RADICAL

SPIRITUALIST.

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[For the Radical Spiritualist]

Prayer of the Outcast.

BY A. G. COMSTOCK.

Groping in the darkness, wandering in the night,
Shall I, O my Father! e'er behold the light?
All my path lies hidden in the deep'ning gloom,—
Leads it, O my Father! only to the tomb?

Sometimes, in my slumbers, sounding soft and clear,
Come the whispered blessings I no more may hear;
Blessings which my mother breathed in years long past,
Ere guilt's baneful shadows o'er my soul were cast.

Then again, I'm kneeling at my father's knee,
While with reverent finger he points out to me
All the holy precepts, which should be my guide
Through the devious windings that my way betide.

But alas! the vision slowly fades away,
When the morning ushers in the tedious day;
For no cheering day-beams can dispel the shade
Which enshrouds my spirit, with remorse inlaid.

From sin's turbid waters I would tain fake flight!
Shall scorn's heavy finger overwhelm me, quite?
From the far-off heaven will no helper come?
Shall I there find mercy:—human hearts have none!

Still, no words of promise fall upon my ear,—
But, by patient waiting, I thy voice may hear,
Saying, "Rise, O daughter! come out of the night!
I will safely lead thee; I will be thy light."

New York, June, 1859.

A "POOR WIDOW in New York, who was obliged to ask aid from a charitable society to pay her rent, was found at work upon men's cloth caps, which she was making for two cents apiece. Working night and day, she was able to earn only \$1.25 per week, for the support of herself and two little daughters."

And this in a city of Churches and Bibles—a city where \$52,000 is expended for a piece of land whereon to build a Christian church. Wonder if those who worship in such churches, remember him who had not where to lay his head?

H. N. G.

The Heroic Fugitive.

We do not now propose to write a story of romance, with invented heroines; for in our quiet village we find a *real* one, whose name and history in the Southern States, (to the shame of our country, be it said,) we dare not mention, for *her* sake. She has sat with us at our table to night, and we have listened with earnest silence to her affecting tale of wrongs, sufferings and wonderful heroism. Yes, this night we have had a fugitive slave with us. Doubtless all of our readers have heard of the fugitive if they have never been privileged to behold one. But the one of whom we speak is worthy of our highest commendation; for she has not only had the courage to free herself, but again and again has she braved all dangers, and been successful in aiding upwards of one hundred slaves to the haven of rest—not on American soil, but in the Queen's dominions—the slave's last resort—CANADA.

As we listened to the plain, unvarnished tale of our injured sister, as we beheld the scars upon her person, made there by the cruel task-master—heard her talk of the terrible sufferings which the victims of slavery are daily and hourly experiencing—we resolved to dedicate ourself anew to the cause of the suffering bondmen, and labor more diligently in their behalf.

Southerners sometimes tell us that the colored people have no feeling; that the blacks are a species of the monkey, and were made to be slaves. A Southerner once said to us, "Why, the very fact that the blacks are slaves, is proof positive that God intended that they should be such." He remarked, also, that the colored people had little or no intellect. We grew indignant with the Southern aristocrat; the hot blood in our veins pressed hard upon the organ of combativeness, and we felt that we could not let him go without telling him, in plain terms, where we stood. We therefore replied to the charge that colored people have no intellect, by referring him to Frederic Douglas. We told him that we had met with that distinguished colored

TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM.

gentleman, and in our humble opinion his intellect would not suffer in comparison with his (the Southern-er's.) The gentleman (of cloth) looked somewhat disconcerted, but said meekly, that Frederic Douglass was an exception.

But to return to our colored friend, the heroic fugitive. She has not only freed herself, but been instrumental in freeing her aged parents, brothers and sisters, besides many others. They suffered much last winter, in Canada, for the want of food and clothing, and she is now soliciting aid from the friends of humanity, that she may procure a little home for them in their old age. She has raised in our little village, for this purpose, about eighty dollars. Every door has been opened wide to let in the stranger. Every heart has throbbed quicker in listening to her story; and nearly every purse has been opened for her relief. Whatever faults the people of Hopedale may possess, at this time we can truly say, that they have been careful to entertain the stranger.

We have read, again and again, accounts of noble men and women who have devoted themselves to the cause of philanthropy—who have visited the loathsome prison—who have been upon battle fields to bind up the wounds of the slaughtered and dying—and all of these acts of kindness and benevolence we honor. But never, in the annals of history, has there been evinced a truer heroism than this unlettered woman has shown. Eight times, after gaining her own freedom, has she gone south of Mason and Dixon's line to free others, taking her life in her hands, not knowing—nay rather expecting—that she should fall into the hands of the unmerciful tyrant, who would torture her body as long as poor human nature could endure,—and eight times has she guided and led weary slaves to Canada.

When we asked her how she dare risk her life and liberty in so hazardous an enterprise, she answered, "I knew I could die but once, and I thought I would die, if I must, in trying to help others out of slavery. I had FELT IT, and knew what it was to toil day and night without wages, half starved, half clothed, and whipped whenever master or mistress chose to whip me." But we must not, for *her sake*, reveal to others what she in confidence related to us. Oh, land of slavery! Who dare sing praises to thee, when the very earth groans beneath the weight of wrongs, which at this very hour go up into the ear of the "Lord of Sabaoth."

Who says that the slaves are satisfied with their condition? Who would be willing to change places with them? Would to heaven that those who apologize for this giant evil, were obliged to endure but for a single day, what the slave has endured for centuries. To every humane person, and to every *Spiritualist* especially,

would we say, when this fugitive comes to your door, in the name of humanity, aid her by your words of kindness and deeds of love. Remember the words of that inspired and world-wide philanthropist, "I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, in prison and ye visited me." We know not, when we entertain strangers, how many angels enter at the open door.

H. N. G.

Behold the slave girl, child of God—outraged by men
In Church and State—flee from the horrid den
Of slavery with bleeding feet! And when,
In anguish, she hath reached New England's soil,
No lawyer dares to act, except to foil
Her fainting steps; no lazy magistrate—
The soulless minion of a rotten state—
Regards humanity unless the laws
Enact it; or, unless some doubtful clause,
Or legal precedent appear, to free
The girl, while judge and jury both agree
To save the Union! By his civil chart
He measures justice—till his hollow heart
Is harder than his own New England granite—
And colder than the Polar Sea!
—B. J. Butts' Angel and the 'Slaver.

The Criminal and Society.

The first impulse of society, in reference to crime, is that of indignation. That this indignation is more of passion than of principle, may be inferred from the fact that it is always greatest after the crime is committed. This is not the method of the wisest reformer. He does not wait for an isolated instance of manifested crime, but says to society in the spirit of wisdom, "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffer these things? I tell you nay; but except ye repent, (reform); ye shall all likewise perish."

Society, *en masse*, will follow the distracted footsteps of the criminal, as if she had done *her* duty, and was herself no partner in the wrong. By her vindictive institutions, she educates men for the very purposes of selfishness—on her fundamental principle—"Every man for himself,"—and then sets herself up as the accuser. Thousands, yea, millions of human beings are born into the world in poverty and ignorance, surrounded by every circumstance to induce crime, and then are visited with universal execration.

Society brings the criminal before her bar of justice only after she has driven him to the desperation of a maniac, by her impenetrable mires and marshes, by her ten thousand snares and pitfalls, to show him her tender mercies by cutting him off from all hope of amendment in this life. She leaves him in his cradle, like Rome's fabled children, to be rocked on the turbulent billows of her speculating and self-seeking interests; and while he is idling and moaning away the long hours, cra-

Whoever would save his life shall lose it.—JESU.

dled in degradation and want, *she* has gone to her shops, her counting-rooms, her legislative councils, and her solemn assemblies! She has forgotten the criminal, in the midst of her own higher and more glorious interests! And when he has gone away from his cradle, has wandered, cold and lonely—condemned at the church-door as unfit for the kingdom of God, allured by the world into its ale-houses and mad debaucheries, goaded by cold neglect, and self-righteous scorn, to the highest pitch and maze of moral darkness, he yields at last, and becomes a criminal. THEN, for the first time, after many a restless day and sleepless night, society begins to notice only to disown him.

Is not this the real position of society toward the criminal? Certainly. It is not her object harmoniously to unfold the humane and religious faculties of men, but to crucify and make them bleed, when their ill-harmony is manifested—not to make her children moral freemen, but to let them know what a strong arm of authority they are under, whenever they attempt to carry into practice the principles which she has taught them. She makes no objection to wrong-doing except in cases where she is herself injured thereby. She virtually gives wrong-doers to understand, that thus far they may go, but no farther, lest *she* be harmed in person or property. Her property she acquires by gigantic, though lawful systems of extortion, and then makes it a dishonor to be poor, thus determining the rank in life of millions of her subjects before they are born. In her bond-mortgages she states, 'according to law,' how many of her dependents shall be driven from their wretched, but hired homes—how many of her daughters she will leave in penury or to hopeless dishonor!

Observe **the** vast trading establishments—splendid public and private buildings, in the populous cities of Christendom; then, as a necessary contrast, behold those dark and unwholesome lanes and alleys—those uncheered places where crime is fostered, intemperance gropes, profanity blasphemes; and observe that few good men since the days of "one Jesus," will leave their respectable homes—those high mansions—where *they* have "where to lay their heads,"—to go into those alleys and benefit the suffering outcast, lest they should be numbered with the transgressors! Observe how society forgets to provide for the education and homes of these her children, and then observe how *she* remembers to take them to the poor-house; if they commit crimes in imitation of their criminal parentage, how she provides the prison and the scaffold!

It is an occasion of thrilling joy to the true friend of man, that this moral desert of crime, this great Sahara of humanity is being visited by the healing breezes of universal love, and on its long desolate altar, instead of

the scalding tear, is dropped the reviving dew-drop of human sympathy and human hope! May the sun of philanthropy be sensibly felt, even by the coldest conservatism of the times—ascend over the frozen summits of the civil and theological hemispheres like the returning Cancer over the northern icebergs,—then society will no longer be the prisoner's executioner, but the prisoner's Friend.

THE BIBLE FOR THE ARMIES. Friends of the Bible cause in New York are now making contributions for supplying the armies now in the field in Europe with New Testaments. It is expected that the soldiers will derive new valor before going to battle, from reading passages like these: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you"—"If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also"—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us!" etc.—*Spiritual Age.*

THE PHONETIC ALPHABET consists of the common alphabet, excepting *x, c,* and *g,* together with the following new letters, whose sounds are denoted by the italics below them:

Ee	Ee	lla	Aa	Aa	Oo	Oo	Ww	lla	Uu
eve	earl	ole	air	ah	all	ode	ooze	aspe	whoop
Fi	Ga	Ss	Uu	Ca	Rt	Ad	Xj	Kz	
ice	oil	our	dupo	cheer	thigh	the	she	azure	ring

Xeli yuzgali at a bakt potato previus tu sitip dsu tu rit. He haz bin herd tu asert dat sun ov hiz finest pleaz kam hwil putip in de buter. Hweder he puzast hiz potatoz in de stret, or had dem drest at hom, duz nat aper.

Tomas Xeridan, sun ov de late celebrated Rigard Brinsli Xeridan, hwen kandidat for de reprezentafon ov a Kornif buro, tobl hiz fqder if he sukseeded, he sud plas a label on hiz forhed wid dez wurdz, "Tu let," and sjd wid de part dat mad de best ofer. "Rjt, Tom," sed de fqder, "but dont forget tu ad de wurd "unfurnit."

Enkin'z wel non habit ov tokip ov himself ofn brot de jest ov de tabl agensit him. He woz wuns panjeririzij hiz on dagananti. "Hia," sed he, "for instans, iz mi dog. I wif it tu be hapi in dis lif; i wif it tu be hapi in de uder. Ljk de Indian, i wif dat hwagrever i ma go mi fatul dog fal bar me kumpani." "And a konfsndedli unluki dog he wud be," murnurd Jekyil.

"Hwi Jorj, i hwot qv ye hoip in de garden for at dis tjn o-rit."

"Wel, i woz oful dri, muder, and i dont de Rjbl sa, 'Ho everi wun dat terstet.'"

Sr meris prokur us de estem ov men ov sens, and sr gud fortupz dat ov de publik.

Every man can be really great if he will trust his own instincts.—L. M. CHILD.

Radical Spiritualist.

Printed Monthly, at Hopedale, Milford, Mass., for the OUTCAST, to whom it is offered FREE; not because we are Rich—since all beyond an economic subsistence we cast “upon the waters”—but because we would “set an example,” and ask help only in helping others. All “material aid” we devote—sacredly—to the CAUSE.
TERMS:—To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year, in Advance. Lecturers, and all interested persons, are authorized to act as Agents, to whom will be furnished, for Clubs: 5 copies for \$2, 10 for \$3, and 20 for \$5, or half the subscription price.

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Where are Spiritualists?

We have waited long to learn where to find Spiritualists,—whether on the side of freedom or oppression. Probably many will start at our inquiry, and think that our mind is a little obtuse, if we presume to question the principles of Spiritualists on this point. But be that as it may, we feel at liberty to inquire into the matter.

We are sorry to be obliged to ask the question, whether such teachers as Mr. —, or Miss —, of the Harmonical Philosophy, are Anti-Slavery. We do not have to inquire whether Adin Ballou, or Wm. Lloyd Garrison, are Abolitionists. They have told us in burning, unmistakable words, where they stand. They also tell us, by their daily and hourly adherence to the great principles of freedom and equality, that they are firmly set against the giant sin of American Slavery. It may be said that proclaiming Anti-Slavery principles is not the special mission of Spiritualists; that they have another part of the gospel to preach. Granted. Suppose they have. Would it be out of place for them, sometimes, to speak an unqualified word for the downtrodden and enslaved in our land? Are Spiritualists so much engaged in discussing the theory of Spiritualism, that no time can be given to the Anti-Slavery cause? We have heard many discourses from many different mediums—have heard them talk eloquently upon the theory of Spiritualism; of the beauty of the Harmonical Philosophy; of the elevating tendency of this “new gospel,” but have heard, save in one or two instances, nothing said DIRECTLY upon the great sin of American Slavery. What is the matter? Do the spirits who control these mediums think that Slavery is but a slight evil—a second *ry* matter? If so, then away with them! We would be taught by a more humane class of spirits. Perhaps the medium, through whom the intelligence comes, is pro-slavery, and the spirit finds it difficult to control said medium. Then we say, away

with the spirit and the medium also! We want a positive Spirit to speak to us—a Spirit who can say like Garrison, “I am in earnest, I will be heard.”

We know that editors of Spiritualistic journals talk well of *universal* freedom; but we have sometimes felt that we wanted to see something a little more special and pointed. It does not cost much to say a great deal and mean nothing—to go very near the cannon’s mouth if it be not charged with powder. But to call things by their right names, to say “*Thou art the man*,” requires more moral courage than many possess. And when we learn that an editor of a popular Spiritualistic Journal, in soliciting contributions from one of our best writers, politely asked him to say nothing on the subject of American Slavery, we felt that his Spiritualism needed to be repented of, and we pitied his tame and cowardly soul.

We have sometimes queried a little, when we have heard of some of our popular lecturers on Spiritualism speaking in the South—we have wondered whether they were in any danger of being “tarred and feathered.” At first, we were in some trouble about it; our sympathies were enlisted in their behalf. But that time has gone by; for we have not heard, as yet, the slightest opposition ~~used~~ by Slaveholders, as such, to Spiritualism being proclaimed in their midst. Has the teacher been faithful? Has he remembered those in bonds as bound with them? Judge ye, who dare look truth in the face. Talk of preaching the doctrine of the Harmonical Philosophy in the South! You might as well preach brotherly love to the raging tiger in the forest. In our humble opinion there must be a shaking of the dry bones in the Slaveocratic States, ere the preaching of harmony is needed. How can there be harmony before JUSTICE is done?

Suppose it was our brother, our sister, or any beloved member of our household, that was suffering all the horrors inevitably incident to American Slavery. Do you think that we should be idle? should we speak smooth and honeyed words, lest we should offend some Northern politician, or Southern aristocrat? Should we fail to speak the truth, lest our *craft* should be in danger? I tell you nay. We should speak and labor in earnest. And if we had the moral courage to go south of Mason and Dixon’s line, it would not be merely to preach Spiritualism; no; it would be to save our loved ones from the horrors of a living death.

It is time that Spiritualists were awake on this great question. If we have great light, then in the name of God and humanity let us walk in that light, and labor earnestly to rescue our brothers and sisters who have fallen among thieves. The Priest and the Levite, now, as in olden time, pass by on the other side. And shall

In all clouds that surround the soul there are angel faces.—L. M. CHILD.

we likewise? Or like the good Samaritan, stoop down and raise up our fallen brother, and outraged sister, and pour the waters of love and mercy into their wounded hearts?

H. N. G.

Notes on Spiritualism.

I. DO SPIRITS EXIST?

The Church is skeptical on this point. She preaches of guardian spirits, but take her to be in earnest—tell her, "It is even so," and she will stare at you! Her *works* reveal her faith—a faith which builds grave yards in which to deposit humanity, and then takes its mournful pilgrimage *there* to find its departed friends.

Look into God's natural revelations, mankind, and gain a firmer faith, that you may give a better *reason* for it. There are five principles in Nature, which indicate the existence of a Spirit World, viz: Individualization, Aspiration, Inspiration, Sympathy, Adaptation.

Two facts come to the observer of outward Nature—*matter and motion*. The mind supplies the third—*Spirit*; for motion implies a mover, or operating Spirit. Creation thus assumes three parts, viz: Spirit, matter and motion—or God, Nature and progression. These parts are co-eternal; for we cannot conceive of God, or Spirit, without motion, nor of motion without matter. The formula of the universe thus deduced is *Spirit-matter in-motion*. In its motion—that is, the motion of Spirit-matter, it tends to *individualize*. The earths develop in order the mosses, plant, tree, quadruped, man. As this is through the operation of Spirit on matter, the fact of Spirit, or of a Spirit-world, is prior to the human world, and is the surety of Man's mortal being, as the sun is prior to the earth, and the surety of its germinal power and motion. Thus the skeptical difficulty is not that there is no spiritual sphere, but that man is not developed to apprehend it. The fault is in *his eye*.

Aspiration points to a Spirit-realm. Plant a seed in your cellar; it will aspire to the light—struggle to reach its head out at an aperture in the wall! Does not the sun exist as a cause of this aspiration? And is there no spiritual sun, which, as a fact, is the cause of human aspiration?

Look at the law of Inspiration, by which aspirations are answered—and the want of the drooping plant is supplied.

Sympathy also implies the existence of an attracting spiritual world, as the swelling ocean tides imply the existence of a moon and planets acting upon them.

Lastly, *Adaptation* asserts an interior, or spiritual sphere. The contraction of the eye proves that there is light. Combativeness, Destructiveness, etc., prove the existence of a material world of obstacles. Does the organ of Spirituality the less prove the existence of a

spiritual sphere? My external hand is adapted to take hold of material forms; but if it be severed from my body, I still experience feeling to the end of my fingers: Now what are these invisible fingers adapted to take hold of, if there be no Spirit-World, with corresponding spiritual forms?

Word to Tobacco-Users.

The errors which beset humanity are hydra-headed. The destructive effects of rum-drinking cannot be overstated; yet there is not a more deplorable wreck of humanity on the globe, than the man who has steeped his entire system—flesh and blood—in Tobacco. The fact that no man can use it, in the first instance, without the most nauseating sickness, is proof enough of its blighting and withering power. So thorough a poison is it, that a single drop of the oil of it, is sufficient to destroy the life of a dog. We have known farmers to steep the weed, in large quantities, and dip their sheep in the fluid for the purpose of destroying all denizens of wool! Its effect was infallible! and the fact is worthy of the notice of all Tobacco-eaters. We trust, gentlemen (and ladies), that you do not revolt at the figure! It is a most attractive weed to you, and you can investigate its merits with an approving stomach! You know that its virtue cannot be endured a moment, by the uncivilized nestlers in the pure wool of the merino's back. Yet you, exalted to the dignity of men and women, can use the delicious dose for years. We have known the innocent lamb to perish, when baptized too thoroughly in the pure, celestial fluid!—and healthy young men to become as pale as "ghosts," and to be sick for days after administering the baptism. It was too great a dose for them. "Milk for babes," and "strong meat for them that are of full age," says the Scripture!

Seriously, we say to all Tobacco-eaters, Your practice is absolutely intolerable to every refined sense. It deprives you of manhood and self-respect, makes you moody and melancholy, except when you are under the stimulus of the poison. It accomplishes this, by first destroying the healthy tone and efficiency of the gastric juices, and making its ravages among the delicate nerves of the stomach and brain. It destroys energy of mind, and makes you ashamed when in decent society. In fact, it is an act of the grossest injustice for you to appear, even in the public streets, till you have seriously begun to cleanse yourselves from this most disgusting of vices. Yet there are Spiritualists, even, who chew and smoke, and go to Spirit-circles to get light! What angel, accustomed to the pure, health-giving odors of the Spirit-Land, would visit such a circle, except as a martyr, or preacher of purity? Brothers, arise! Put off the habit—suffer bravely the knowing pangs, and

To the true man, every victory is defeat—every defeat is victory.

horrid moods which you will experience during the first month of total abstinence, and behold—the triumph!

Interesting Dialogue.

Charles Spear, the noble friend of the prisoner, gives the following brief notice of his attempt to plead his cause in Rev. Mr. Woodbury's church. We copy from his letter to the *Practical Christian*, giving an account of his labors in Milford and other places. Mr. Spear and his wife spoke in the Universalist house.

"*Milford*.—Spent a few days here. Applied for the Methodist and Orthodox churches. *Conversation with Rev. Mr. Woodbury*.—I have made up my mind. Mr. Woodbury, to speak for you one half of the day next Sunday.

"I deem it no favor for any one to preach for me. I love to preach."

So do I. But I have no pulpit now.

"You go against hanging. I go for it." (putting his finger across his neck.)

Yes, I have been opposed to hanging men for thirty years."

"I cannot let any man in who holds to such sentiments."

But I would let you into my pulpit if I had one.—Your brother was opposed to capital punishment.—Hon. Levi Woodbury.

"I believe he was not so clear."

I have the documents here in my carriage, and his likeness.—Mr. Woodbury could not deny that, and so the conversation ended."

"PROCEEDINGS of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, held at Longwood, Chester County. 1859.

'Serves best the Father he who most serves man, And he who wrongs humanity wrongs Heaven.'

New York: Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman St. Sold also at the Anti-slavery offices in Philadelphia and Boston."

We have received a copy of this valuable pamphlet, full of testimonies on the great questions of the day, such as Slavery, War, Sectarianism, Marriage, Spiritualism, etc., and containing letters from many earnest and thorough reformers. We copy a brief testimony on Spiritualism.

"While many of our number have had no opportunity for personal investigation into the alleged phenomena of spiritualism, we can yet agree in admitting the importance of the investigation. It is useless to oppose, by ridicule or bigotry, a belief which has taken so strong a hold upon many of the most intelligent and virtuous portion of community. Lamenting the delusions and errors which often accompany it, as they are apt to accompany new ideas, we cannot but be grateful for the power it is exerting to break up sectarianism, enlighten individual minds, and elevate the lives of many. To remove the terrors which superstition has thrown around death and immortality is a task worthy of the joint efforts of men and angels."

Voice of Niagara.

MIDNIGHT.

This solemn moment, O Niagara!

I stand in thy majestic presence. One Survey of thee, in all thy stately robe Of power, long my soul desired; and now, Low at thy feet I come, to bathe my soul In thy baptismal dew; as Nature's son, To listen to the lofty peal of her Sublimest organ!

Both past and present

Are witnesses of thy tremendous surge! Far back, in ages dim, thy mad waves rolled! Within these ample forests, eloquent With awe, the Indian paused his wild-deer chase, To listen to thy saliloquy! Nor hath The wane of centuries obscured thine eye; Untamed thou art—at thy wild roar the pines, Enchanted, age after age, approach thy brink, And on their trembling leaflets feel the dew Terrific, rising from thy mane! and e'en The birds sing not in thy wild sanctuary.

As I behold thy banner of white spray To the blue heaven unfurled, it seems as if The clouds were eddies in the fearful leap Of thy crazed waters, while the sun and stars Stand mute above thy foam, suspending their Celestial song, to note the lofty key And awful music of thy speech! Thou art The Aborigine of Nature. Lo! Her blending colors form thy misty bow, The sky of blue thy shield, the moon and stars Thy crown, with jewels set, the wrathing spray Thy opening scroll and awful "Declaration Of Independence"! Wond'rously thou tread'st The wave of centuries, as when the Great Eternal sent thy spirit onward—on! Robed in his mantle of supernal glory!

"THE GOOD TIME COMING" is a paper which will do for thinking men and women to read. It is printed weekly, at Berlin Heights, Ohio, at \$1 or \$2 per annum. H. O. Hamilton, Publisher. We intend to notice as many of our exchanges as we can—especially those whose positions are obnoxious to popular opinion.

We give our readers an inkling, merely, of Phonetic reading, in this Number. We regard the system as a most important advance on the common lumbering orthography, and mean to encourage it all we can, in justice to those of our readers who did not subscribe for quite so much radicalism.

"What is the matter with the *Woonsocket Patriot*, that it should print poetry insidiously teaching Spiritualism? Such sentiments are dangerous in—prose!"

"Truth is always the majority—God is Truth."—GERRIT SMITH'S SPEECH.

VOICES TO YOUTH.

Naughty Thoughts.

"Mamma," said Kitty, papa calls me a good little girl, and aunty does, and 'most everybody; but I am not, mamma, good at all."

"I am very sorry," said mamma.

"So am I," said Kitty, "but I have very naughty thoughts. When I dressed to go to ride yesterday, and the carriage came, and there was no room for me, I went into the house, and aunty told you that I behaved very good about it. She said I didn't cry nor anything, but mamma, I thought wicked things, and I ran up stairs and lay down and kicked, and kicked, and kicked, I was so—so—mad," said Kitty. "I wished the carriage would upset, the old horse run away; that's what I mean. It was a naughty thought in me."

"Well, nobody knew it," said John.

"Somebody did know it," said Kitty.

"Who?" asked John.

"God," answered Kitty. "He cannot call me good, as aunty and papa do. Mamma, how can I be good inside?"

Kitty is not alone in asking that question. Many and many a one is asking it very sorrowfully. How can I be good inside? King David felt like little Kitty, and he fell down on his knees, and prayed this little prayer. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

Secret faults are in one sense the worst sort of faults, because, first, they deceive others, for they are inside and nobody sees them; and then they deceive ourselves, for we are apt to think nobody will find them out, and if they are not found out it is no matter.

Her mother told her of David's prayer. Kitty prayed that little prayer for herself and she prays it every day. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

As she offers it, she watches over her own heart, and when a naughty thought comes, she fights against it.

Kitty's way may help other children.

Children's Sayings.

One Sabbath evening I had spent some time reading to my children an account of the heathen idolatries, and endeavoring to culist their sympathies in behalf of the poor savages. They listened with tearful attention, and finally slipped into another room, for sought that I knew, to pray for the poor heathen. On going to look after them, I found the eldest flat upon his face, while his brother was creeping over him on all fours. Surprised to find them playing upon the Sabbath, I inquired reprovingly—

"What are you doing?" The youngest jumped up and released his brother, and in a timid voice, but with a twinkling eye, replied—

"Nothing, mamma, only C—— is the heathen, and I am the car of Juggernaut!"

A lady who had been teaching her little girl that those who die in infancy and childhood go to heaven, spoke several times during the conversation of the young departed as "God's little lambs." The same day as they were walking together they encountered a crowd collected around a dead horse. The little girl looked on pitifully a moment, and then exclaimed, with a sigh of relief—

"Mamma, it is one of God's little lambs."

A friend near us was listening to the evening prayer of her two little girls, as they were about to retire for the night. The youngest, between three and four years of age, was hurrying through the prayer most irreverently, when Hattie, two years her elder, said—

"Mamma, May does not think what she is saying—she is thinking of her play all the time."

"How do you know?" said May, "you can't see into my stomach!"—*Little Pilgrim.*

Please let me be a Little Boy.

"Oh, Johnny," cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head! Can't you play without shouting so?"

Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs, tandem, and called out in a loud whisper, "Get up, whoa!" But at length, finding but little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down the reins, and laying his hand on his breast, said, with a long breath, "Oh mother, it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me to keep it in! Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?"

"Yes, Johnny, I believe they do," replied the mother.

"Oh, then, mother dear," cried Johnny, in a winning tone, "please let me be a little boy."

We join poor Johnny heartily in this petition. Please mothers, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have a free and happy childhood; that when your heads are low in the grave, they may point back to those days and say, "We were happy children, for there was sunshine where our mother was."

A minister at church approached a roguish little urchin, about ten years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder thus addressed him:

"My son, I believe the devil has hold of you."

"I believe he has too!" was the significant reply of the urchin.

"Mother, do they make books out of water?" "No! my child; why do you ask such a foolish question?" "Nothing, only I read the other day about an immense volume of water!"

"There are those whose spirits walk abreast of angels and the future here."

Dyspeptic's Corner.

The Deacon and the Irishman.

It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the way to the nearest church. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new acquaintance to keep him company. There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the deacons, (who by the way was small in stature,) invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, etc. After he was seated, he turned to brother Ingalls, and in a whisper which could be heard all round, inquired:

"Sure, an' isn't this a hiritick church?"

"Hush," said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out."

"And faith, not a word will I spake at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "Glory!"

"Hist, ye spalpeen," rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, "be decent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more and more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan.

"Hist, ye blackguard, have ye no decency at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said—

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yis, your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will!" and suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, landed him in the vestibule of the church.

THE LAST LEDGER STORY.—The teacher of a district school in this neighborhood is in the habit of questioning the children under his charge as to what they knew of various historical characters they happen to meet in their books.

"Now then," said the teacher, "who can tell me about Edward Everett?"

No hand was raised.

The teacher, somewhat surprised—

"Is there no one here that knows anything about Edward Everett?"

No hand up.

"Well, we will see what we can find out about Edward Everett, before to-morrow."

P. M.—Before school opens, up runs a little girl, in great excitement, as the teacher enters the school-room.

"I know something about Edward Everett."

"Well, what is it?" says the teacher eagerly.

"He writes for the New York Ledger!"

SPEAKING OUT IN DREAMS.—"An amusing incident occurred in the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee road. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom, a lamp was lighted. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a sound slumber, but just as the lamp was lighted she awoke, and, half asleep, imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright, she implored her Maker to have mercy on her, remarking, at the same time, 'the Devil has got me at last.'

Her mistress, sitting on the seat in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified and called upon her—

"Mollie, don't make such a noise; it is I, be not afraid."

The poor African immediately exclaimed,

"Oh, missus, dat you; jest what I 'pected; I always thought if I eber got to de bad place, I would see you dar!"

These remarks were uttered with such vehemence that not a word was lost, and the whole car became convulsed with laughter."

An editor out West being despatched by his printers, who were "on a strike," was compelled to turn into the office himself. In his next week's paper appeared a graphic account of the circumstance, composed by the editor's "own fair fingers," concluding with the following words—"Talk of the sublime art of Printing; bless our soul; it's as easy as rolling off a log."

AN ECONOMICAL SLAVE.—"Cussar," said a gentleman to his negro, "climb up that tree and thin out the branches."

The negro showed no disposition to comply, and being pressed for a reason, answered:

"Well, look heah, massa, if I go up dar and fall down and broke my neck, dat'll be a thousand dollars out your pocket. Now why don't you hire an Irishman to go up; and den if he falls and kills heself, dar won't be no loss to nobody."

Two Irishmen were in prison, one for stealing a cow and the other for stealing a watch.

"Hallo, Mike, what o'clock is it?" said the cow stealer to the other.

"And sure, Pat, I haven't any time piece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

A negro gave the following toast: "De gubernor ob de State—he came in wid berry little opposition—he go out wid none at all."

Whosoever quarrels with his fate, does not understand it.—BETTINE.